

*Thus modern Arts on Ancient Plans improve,
A Bedlam-Serpent swallows Mecca's Dove.*

(a). NB Some Hyper-Critics say, it was not originally written Field, but Moorfields.

643. h 10
5

T H E

TEMPLE of IMPOSTURE;

A

P O E M.

B Y T H E

AUTHOR of the SAINTS, a SATIRE, PERFECTION,
&c. &c.

———"The baseless Fabric of a *Vision*."
SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N,

Printed for J. BEW, in Pater-Noster-Row.

MDCCLXXVIII.

T H E

TEMPLE of IMPOSTURE;

A

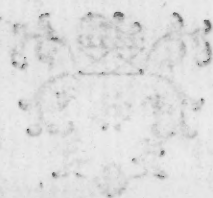
P O E M.

BY THE

AUTHOR of the SAINTS, a SATIRE, PERFECTION,

8cc. 8cc.

————— "The palace of a King."
SHAKESPEARE.



L O N D O N

Printed by J. B. W. in the Strand.

MDCCLXXIII.

THE
TEMPLE of IMPOSTURE,

A
POEM.

IN humble Life contented and forgot,
Where flaunting Woodbines arch'd my rustic Grot,
Superior to a Monarch's Smile, or Frown,
On my paternal Turf I threw me down.
Thus *worldly Converse* in *Seclusion* ends,
Whilst *Books* supply the Place of *faithless Friends*,

B

Those

6 THE TEMPLE OF IMPOSTURE.

Those Arts which *Mecca's Prophet** had display'd,
 That cruel *Founder*† of religious Trade,
 With fresh Surprize and Horror I review'd;
 The *Tyrant* in each Page my Sighs renew'd.
 Revolving much his Policy and Laws,
 His Deeds in Arms, whilst *Hatred* check'd *Applause*,
Sleep gently interpos'd his drowfy Spell,
 And from my Hand, unnerv'd, the *Koran* fell.
 By *Morpheus*‡ touch'd, on airy Wings I flew,
 And all *Arabia* open'd to my View;
 A tented Defart!—In that barren Wild,
 On the parch'd Glebe kind *Ceres* never smil'd:

* Mahomet, the first.

† We learn from History that several Attempts have been made in different Ages towards erecting *Founderies* of this Sort; but *Mahomet's* (tho' the cruelest) has proved the most successful. Our modern *Founderies*, indeed, durst not employ *Fire* and *Sword* to establish their fanatical *Doctrines*, tho' their *Founders* calmly press the Exertion of them in political Cases. This is happy for Mankind. They would, otherwise, no Doubt, join the Characters of a *Machiavel* and a *Mahomet* together.

‡ The God of *Dreams*, who laid those asleep whom he touched with his *Poppy*.

There



There fertile Atoms, mix'd in genial Strife,
Ne'er 'waken *Vegetation* into Life:
There the poor Peasant's unremitting Toil
Is ill-rewarded in a *Tyrant's* Soil;
A *Nod* disperses all his *Vassal-Gains*,
He lives in *Terror*, and he works in *Chains*.
*Triptolemus**, averse, no Grain had sown
In Tracts too barb'rous for the Gods to own:
But *Desolation* mark'd her fav'rite Ground;
Wide-wasting War had spread its Trophies round.
Bones uninterr'd, and Arrows, from the Bow
Of Warriors scatter'd, hard-fought Battles show.
There mangled Skeletons of gen'rous Steeds,
(For *Innocence* with *Guilt* too often bleeds,)
With human Reliques mix'd, promiscuous laid,
The Prey of Kites and rav'ning Vultures made,

* Sent by *Ceres* to teach People how to plow and sow.

In burning Suns thro' rolling Ages bleach,
 And in mute Lessons *modern Tyrants* teach;
 Teach 'em *with justly-temper'd Sway to reign,*
 Nor turn *rich Empires* to a *barren Plain.*
 In these Domains, uncultivated, wild,
 Where Earth (*Heav'n's Altar*) by Man's Blood's defil'd,
Imposture, Fiction's Handmaid, long had trod,
 And rais'd her *Kaaba** to an *unknown God.*
There she still holds (confounding *false* with *true*)
Tradition's Mirror to the *Pilgrim's*† view;
 Points the pretended *Mosque* that *Abram* rais'd,
 And smiles to see her prostrate *Dupes* amaz'd;
 To see her *Frauds* o'er *Ignorance* prevail,
 Whilst *Mecca* glories in the *well-forg'd Tale.*

* Or, *House of God*—The *Arabs* believe it was built by *Abraham*, and *Mahomet* enjoined all his Followers to make a *Pilgrimage* to it, at least, once in their Lives.

† *Pilgrimages* are still continually made to the *Kaaba* at *Mecca.*

There

THE TEMPLE OF IMPOSTURE. 1019

There pious *Arabs* in *Bandittis** meet
 To trace the Print of *Father Abram's* Feet;
 To kiss the Spot where *Abram* never stood,
 When call'd to seal his Faith with *Isaac's* Blood:
 In annual Pennance for Offences past,
 There *Thieves* still murder, pray, repent, and fast†.
 From *Mecca* to *Medina* quick convey'd,
 New Scenes of Wonder on my Fancy play'd.
 Methought, like Clouds, *Medina's* City fled,
 And, boundless as her Plains, her *Temple*‡ spread;
 A vast *Pavilion*, which out-reach'd the Eye,
 Fit to receive the Rulers of the Sky,
 When at their Banquets, as old *Homer* sings;
 A *Territory* large enough for *Kings*!

* The wild *Arabs* rob and plunder Caravans and Travellers in *Bandittis*, or *Gangs*.

† It is well if we can find no Precedents of this Kind among any *European* enthusiastic *Hypocrites*, equally *superstitious*, and equally *deceived* by *Teachers*, who should be more *enlightened* than *Mahomet*.

‡ At *Medina*, to which City *Mahomet* fled, when he was driven from *Mecca*, is a magnificent *Mosque*, or *Temple*, in which is *Mahomet's* Tomb.

Pensive I view'd the great *Impostor's* Tomb;
Tyrannic Pride pent up in scanty Room;
 Boundless *Ambition*, and despotic *Lust*,
 Dissolv'd in Death, and moulder'd into *Dust*.
 A thousand *Mussulmen*, in Trance divine,
 Fall prostrate at the *Necromancer's* Shrine.
 Columns, by Hands invisible enlarg'd,
 Arose, with *Hieroglyphic Tablets* charg'd.

Here Chissels, like a *Raphael's* Pencil, paint
Ignatius * metamorphos'd to a *Saint*;
 Valiant in War, till an invet'rate Wound,
 And Faith in *Legends*, prov'd his Brain *unsound*.
These fatal Leisure led him to explore,
 Till heated *Fancy* taught him to *adore*:

* *Ignatius Loyola*, Founder of the well known Order of *Jesuits*—a gallant Soldier under *Ferdinand V.* King of Spain—wounded dangerously at the Siege of *Pampeluna*. Whilst under Cure, he amused himself with reading the *Lives of the Saints*. *These*, with the Agony of his Wounds, turned his Head. He went a *Pilgrimage* to the *Holy-Land*, studied *Theology*, and afterwards founded the Order of *Jesuits* in France.

THE TEMPLE OF IMPOSTURE.

II

Then, lost to *Arms*, the *hairy Scalp** he chose;
 The *Hero* vanish'd, and the *Monk* arose.
 No more he talk'd of mounting barbed Steeds,
 But dropp'd the *Helmet* for a *String of Beads*;
 To *Satan* doom'd brave Souls in *Camps* that shine,
 And *bare-foot* walk'd to holy *Palestine*.
 There he imbib'd more *Frauds* than Bards can feign,
 Whilst *Pilgrims* fed the Fancies of his Brain.
 In *Visions*† there new *Systems* he conceiv'd,
 And what they taught religiously believ'd.
 Inspir'd by ev'ry Blast *Enthusiasts* feel,
 Proud of his *Errors*, and impell'd by *Zeal*,
 Lost to *right Reason*, to *Conviction* blind,
 Charm'd with *Theology* by *Craft* refin'd,

* That Part of a *Monk's* Head which is superstitiously left *unshaved*—At the *Deraignment*, or Degrading, of a *Monk*, this is torn off, in Contempt, on his *Expulsion* from the *sacred Order*.

† *Ignatius Loyola*, like modern *Enthusiasts*, had his *Visions*—In one of these he was called by the *Virgin Mary* (to whom he dedicated himself as her *Knight*) to found his *most holy Order*.—Here is a Proof that *Knaves* and *Madmen* may have *Calls*.

At

At length he form'd that *diabolic Plan*
 Which canoniz'd the *Saint*, but sunk the *Man*;
 Profan'd that *Name** whose *Doctrines* he declin'd,
 And rais'd an *Order*† to deceive Mankind.

Warn'd by a Scroll from *Christ himself* receiv'd,
 Ador'd by *Crowds* who follow'd and believ'd,
 Here *Aldebert*‡, a second *Baptist*, led
 His *Converts* into *Desarts*, to be fed
 On Honey, Berries, Dates, whate'er might fall,
 And cloath'd in *Skins* of Beasts, or not at all.

There I admir'd an heav'nly-kindled Spark
 Of true *Promethean Fire* in *Joan of Arc*§:

* The Name of *Jesus*, adopted by the *Jesuits*.

† The Order of *Jesuits*.

‡ *Aldebert*, an *Impostor* of the 8th Century, who pretended to have a *Call* from *Christ himself*, by way of *Letter*, to live in *Desarts*, in Imitation of *John the Baptist*—Vast Numbers followed him—I do not recollect that any of our modern *Enthusiasts* have yet received any such *Letters*.

§ *Joan of Arc*, or *Maid of Orleans*. Pretending to be inspired, she re-animated the expiring Courage of the French Army and Nation.—This *Heroine* was burnt afterwards by the English as a *Sorceress*.

Commission'd from *above* her *Sword* she wav'd,
An *Army* rally'd, and a *Nation* fav'd.
Such *honest Frauds* claim *Virtue's* just Applause,
Nor dread *Detection* in our *Country's Cause*.

See *Gallic Policy* deep Plots beget,
And *Warbeck** ape a dead *Plantagenet*;
Three Kingdoms† struggling under War's Alarms,
And *Henry's* doubtful Title try'd in Arms;
Whilst hostile *Crowns*, in League ally'd, declare
For the rash *Counterfeit* of *Edward's* Heir.

Lo! pious *Churchmen*, palsy'd with their Fear,
In animated Marble seem to hear

* *Perkin Warbeck*; an *Impostor* set up by *Margaret* Dutcheſs of Burgundy, in France, to perſonate *Richard* the younger Son of K. *Edward*, murdered by *Richard* the III^d. in the Tower. This Plot was contrived by *Margaret*. to diſturb and defeat King *Henry* the VII^{th's} Title to the Crown.

† *England* againſt the united Arms of *France* and *Scotland*.

Th' impending *Woes*, and *Miseries*, that fall
 From the *prophetic Spirit of the Wall**.
 'Twixt *Hope* and *Fear* the *selfish Fathers* pant;
Hope glosses *Perj'ry* o'er, and they *recant*.

A Hand like that of *Phidias* next had spent
 Its Pow'rs to realize the *Maid of Kent*†.
 Her *Jesuitic Confessor* stands by,
 And prompts her, *for the Love of God*,—to *lye*.

Fanatic Nailor‡, with his *Crown of Thorns*,
 In mimic Purity a Group adorns.
Zeal strews her Garments to receive his Feet,
 And loud *Hosannas* celebrate the *Cheat*.

* *Spirit of the Wall*. *Eliz. Croft*, a Girl of 18, secreted in a *Wall*, who, upon the Signal of a Whistle, uttered many seditious Speeches against King Philip, Queen Mary, the *Popish Worship*, &c.—She was hanged.

† *Maid of Kent*. *Eliz. Barton*, called the *Holy Maid of Kent*, spirited up by the *Popish Party* to prevent the *Reformation*, by pretending to the *Gift of Prophecy*.

‡ *James Nailor*, a *Quaker* in *Cromwell's Time*, personated our Saviour; was convicted of *Blasphemy*, and punished on the Pillory.

Here *Tofts** in momentary *Labour* seems,
 And with a wond'rous Race of *Rabbits* teems.
 Obstetrical *St. Andre* chides just *Mirth*,
 And ratifies *on Oath* the well-feign'd *Birth*.

There *Fanny's Spirit* frisks about, *unlaid*,
 Amidst *Exorcists* tributary made†;
 Unaw'd by *Mitres*‡, plays off *her Designs*,
 And gulls our *metaphysical Divines*.

Here *an old Chair*§ puts *Science* in a *Maze*,
 The Wonder of our much-enlighten'd Days;

* *Mary Tofts*, an Impostor in George I.'s Reign, called the *Rabbit-Woman*. She so far imposed on *Monf. St. Andre*, the King's Surgeon, that he made *Affidavit* of his having delivered her of *live Rabbits*.

† *Cock-Lane-Ghost*. The Tricks of this Spirit are well remembered. They deceived many *Divines*, and *one* of them, in particular, often attempted to lay *her Spirit*. Her Father and Mother were punished for carrying on this Cheat.—The Child's Name was *Fanny Parsons*.

‡ Several *Bishops*, among other Clergy, went to hear *Fanny's Spirit scratch*.

§ *Wisbich Chair*. This *Wisbich Chair* is a very late *Phænomenon* at *Wisbich*, in the *Isle of Ely*. It has a *Rush-Bottom*, from whence, as often as it is stirred, Showers of *Corking Pins* issue most unaccountably, insomuch that Pecks of them may be soon collected.—The Master of it shews it as the *easy Chair* of his Wife, lately deceased.

Inspecting *Pringle's** Scrutiny defies,
 And all *his Brethren's* microscopic Eyes;
Belief and *Gold* miraculously wins,
 Pouring down Show'rs of *self-created Pins*.

The Sculptor's Art more *energetic* grew,
 Where *P-tney's* Pow'rs a list'ning *Senate* drew.
 The virtuous *Hampden*† wonder'd whilst he spoke,
 And *Marvel*‡ felt the animating Stroke.

* President of the *Royal Society*—whom we presume to mention with the greatest Respect, and merely to give a Dignity to our Relation.—We hope for Pardon, however, as *some of this learned Society* have been to see *this Chair*.

† Here the *critical* Reader will be pleased to remember that *Anachronisms* are always allowable in *Poetry*. I have *Virgil's* Example on my Side, and *Horace's* Authority,

———— *Pictoribus atq; Poetis*

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua Potestas.

Besides, this is a *Dream*.

‡ The great and good *Andrew Marvel*; a real Patriot in the Reign of King *Charles* the II^d. whose *Honour* and *Conscience* would not stoop to be tempted by large *ministerial* Offers; tho' at that very Time he was forced to borrow a *Guinea* from a Friend for his necessary Support. He was Member for *Kingston upon Hull*.—Here is another *Anachronism*, for *he* was not co-temporary, as a *Patriot*, with *Hampden*; no more were *Virgil's Dido* and *Æneas* co-temporaries.—But remember, *Critics*, once more, that this is the Relation of a *Dream*. Suppose the whole *Poem* to be *Stuff*, yet it is "*such Stuff*" as *Dreams* are made of.—Therefore, good *Critics*, be considerate, and compassionate to a dreaming Bard.

In.

In *Virtue* bold, found *Reason* form'd his Speech,
 And *Truth*, beyond a *modest Courtier's* reach,
 An *Attic Grace*, by *Love of Freedom* fir'd,
 This *Patriot* in his *Zenith* once inspir'd;
 'Till *ministerial Guile* assail'd his Ear,
 And, *sweetly whisp'ring*, check'd his chaste Career;
 Untun'd his Tongue, relax'd his nervous Style,
 And won him to *her Party* by a *Smile*.
 Lost, and revolted from the *Patriot Tribe*,
 Then all his Soul bow'd down before a *Bribe*.
 Soon as in Thought he quitted *Virtue's* Path,
 And from a *P--tney* dwindled into *Bath*,
Hampden indignant from the Circle rush'd,
 And *Marvel* blest'd his *Penury*, and blush'd.

Whilst *imitative Arts* thus 'wak'd *Surprize*,
 Th' *historic Figures* vanish'd from my Eyes,

18 THE TEMPLE OF IMPOSTURE!

The *sculptur'd Columns*, into Air refin'd,
 Melted away, nor left a Trace behind.
 Thousands of *Instruments*, with Crash severe,
 Burst in full Concert on my ravish'd Ear.
 Soon I beheld, astonish'd and dismay'd,
 Of blooming *Turks* a frantic *Cavalcade**.
 Their Heads, new razor'd, various Plumage crown'd,
 Whilst *Vanity* despis'd the throbbing Wound.
 Streaming with Blood, yet unconcern'd, and gay,
 Mounted on neighing *Barbs*, they led the way,
 Follow'd by *Nations* rushing like a Sea,
 Before *Imposture's* Throne to bow their Knee.
 These *Floods* the *Clarion's* shriller Notes compose,
 And from Confusion silent Order flows.

* *Busbequius* in his *Letters* says, that, on his Return from his Embassy, he was received at the Gates of *Buda* by the *Bashaw*, and an odd *Cavalcade* of young *Turks*, whose Heads were shaved and the Flesh cut to the Scull in a Line, into which were stuck Numbers of various-coloured Feathers: they came prancing on in great Gaiety, tho' running down with Blood.—What will not the vain Lust of *Praise* incline Men to do? The more *absurd* and *ridiculous*, the more *enthusiastic* and *tenacious*. Thus far *Infidels* and *Saints* agree.

Behold the *Goddeſs* ſeated on a Throne,
 Where *ſculptur'd Story* made her *Perſon* known:
 Its Tale with Eloquence the *Chiffel* told,
 And prov'd *Furina's** Reign, as *Saturn's* †, old;
 Detecting *Fictions* of the *Golden Age*,
 Shew'd *Prieſts*, ev'n then, were *false*, as well as *sage*.
 There ev'ry *Fraud*, religious, or profane,
 Whether by *Zeal* inspir'd, or *sordid Gain*,
 Bold, energetic *Artiſts* had diſclos'd,
 And in due *Æras* faithfully diſpos'd,
 From *Tricks* play'd off by *Prieſts* within the *Shrine*,
 Down to thoſe *Frauds* our *Found'ries* § call *divine*.

Now, like the *Firmament*, the *Temple* blaz'd,
 And to the *Goddeſs* ev'ry Voice was rais'd;

* *Furina* was the *Goddeſs* of *Thieves*. She had her *Temple* at *Rome*, and her *Prieſt*.—*Tully* takes her to be one of the *Furies*. Her *Attributes* in either Character authorize her Preſence here.

† In his Reign the Poets fix the *Golden Age*.

§ *Fanatical Founderies*, where *Scripture-Doctrines* are new-caſt and modelled for Sale, to the higheſt Perfection.

In one melodious *Chorus* all combin'd,
And pealing Organs vocal *Pæans* join'd.
The *Song* disclos'd the *pious Arts* of *Man*,
Since the first Ages of the World began;
Divine Impostures feelingly display'd,
Those holy Props of *Inspiration's Trade*.
Sweet *Symphony* from Harps *Æolian* flows,
And *Hallelujahs* grace the solemn Close.
Furina's Rites began:—*Her Slaves* fell down
In awful *Homage* to her *Triple Crown*.
She with each Hand their pious Tributes glean'd;
Her *mitred Flamen* on his *Crozier* lean'd.
The *Goddeſs* nodded; and, at her Command,
Her *Priest* in myſtic Circles wav'd his Hand.
Aerial Forms approach the *ſacred Seat*,
And in Proſtration kiſs their *Idol's Feet*.

In

* In all the *Flames*† of *Inquisition* dress'd,
 (Where, to save *Souls*, rack'd *Bodies* are oppress'd,)
 With tearful *Eye*, pale *Vifage*, *Mind* entranc'd,
Phrenetic Superstition first advanc'd.
 One Hand display'd the *fiery Law's* Restraints,
 And one choice *Reliques* of departed *Saints*.
 Her Breast sustain'd (well purchas'd with the Loss
 Of human Blood) a *Fragment* of the *Cross*,
 Which Fancy realiz'd, but Craft had made;
Fictitious Bauble of some mad *Crusade*!
 Rescu'd from *Infidels*, thro' *Aid* divine,
 By *Fire* and *Sword* in bleeding *Palestine*;
 Where *Popes* with *healing Fires* made *Sinners* whole,
 And sav'd by *Massacres* the *faithless* Soul.

* *Superstition.*

† Alluding to the sable Robe, on which *Hell-Flames* are painted, worn by *Heretics* when they go to the Stake to be burnt. It is remarkable, that these holy *Hypocrites*, when they deliver their *Martyrs* up to the secular Powers, adjure them, in the Name of the blessed *Jesus*, to do these poor *Wretches* no harm. Thus it is that these *Jesuitic Demons* wash their Hands of human Blood.

F

Priestcraft,

Priestcraft, a rev'rend Seer, came close behind;
 To *Superstition* ever well inclin'd.
 Long silver'd o'er with Age, his hoary Beard
 Flow'd down his Breast, by all the Crowd rever'd.
 Perch'd on his Finger sat the *Prophet's Dove**,
 Well-chosen *Type* of *universal Love*.
 But where the *Serpent* lurks the *Dove's* bely'd—
 All *pious Frauds* his *Sanctity* had try'd;
 To *Tenet*, *Creed*, and *System*, never true;
Heav'n in his Mouth, and *Mammon* in his View:
 Of *Druid*, *Brachman*, *Mufti*, *Pope*, combin'd;
Sinner, and *Saint*, most *orthodoxly* join'd:
Bishop and *Statesman* in *Alliance*† met,
 With fourest Features, like old *Calvin's* set.

* *Mahomet*, tho' he knew nothing of the beneficial Arts of *Confession* and *Absolution*, had taught a Dove, or Pigeon, to perch upon his Shoulder and thrust its Bill into his Ear for its Provender. The foolish Multitude thought this Bird was commissioned from *Heaven*, to impart Secrets, human and divine, to its Master.

† So we have often seen them in *later Times*. An *Alliance* between *Church* and *State* is, of all other *human Doctrines*, the most *fashionably orthodox*. I cannot say, that I have found it in the *New-Testament*, tho' it may possibly be

Doctrines, not *Scripture*, claim'd his first Respect;

With him *Faith* mask'd *Morality's* Defect.

There I could trace *Hypocrisy's* Designs;

A *sanctimonious* Mien well mark'd its Lines.

Against *Conviction* *Pride* had kept strong Guard;

And *Prejudice* had made his Visage hard.

Predestination and *Election* gave

The *Sage* an Air *tyrannically* grave.

He felt *Saint Peter's* Pow'rs on him devolv'd;

For Hatred *damn'd*, and for a Bribe *absolv'd*.

Next *Papal Myst'ry*, with her magic Rod,

Transforms a kneaded Cake into a God*.

And,

be in *some Manuscripts* of it which I have not yet seen. It must, undoubtedly, be *well founded*, or it never could have stood for so many Ages; especially in *this*, when the *busy* and *inquisitive* *Laity* do not seem to want *ecclesiastic Spectacles*.

* This *mysterious Doctrine* of the *real Presence* in the Elements of *Bread* and *Wine* was used as the common *Trap* to catch *Protestants* in
Queen

And, not content to take *Heav'n's Word* as *true*,
Divides, and subdivides the *Godhead* too.

There shrewd *Hypocrisy*, with smooth-tongu'd *Guile*,
Hiding her *Heart* beneath a flatt'ring *Smile*,
Charm'd with *that Brute** her *Prophet* lov'd the best,
Clasps *her own Emblem* † to her treach'rous Breast;
Affecting from all Mouths *sound Truths* to draw,
Listens to hear *Grimalkin* purr the *Law*‡.

Here fire-ey'd *Zeal* in Search of *Converts* stood,
Waving her *Scourge* still wet with *martyr'd Blood*:

Queen *Mary's* Reign. The *Princess* (afterwards *Queen*) *Elizabeth* avoided it thus:

"*Christ* was the *Word* that spake it,
He took the *Bread* and brake it:
And what the *Word* did make it,
That I believe and take it.

* The *Cat*.—*Mahomet's* was so great a Favourite with him, that, falling asleep upon his long Sleeve, he cut it off, that he might not disturb her.

† The *Cat*, with *Eyes half closed*, is a true Emblem of *Hypocrisy*—Non es quod *simulas* is her *Motto*—*Bourne*, in his Poems, has a pretty Turn upon this Thought,—viz.—*Caudam, cum Tempus fert, agitare potest*.

‡ The *Mahometans* believe, that, when *Cats* purr, they are repeating some Verses of the *Alcoran*.

Her Brain with *Legendary Fables* swims,
Her Tongue's for ever chaunting *frantic Hymns*;
Such as thro' *Caves*, and *Mosques*, and *Fields* have rung,
From *Druid-Ages* down to *Wesley's* fung.

Stern Persecution foam'd with *pious Rage*,
And, smiling, pointed to the *dreadful Page*,
Where doubtful *Heretics* accursed stood,
Condemn'd in *Charity*, reclaim'd in *Blood*:
Unsheath'd she bore the *Prophet's* well-flesh'd *Sword*,
Tremendous *Planter* of its Master's *Word*.

The *turban'd Tyrant** next appear'd in View;
Hands undiscern'd his Path with *Roses* strew;
Aerial Minstrels his Approach foretold;
Before him fragrant *Clouds of Incense* roll'd.

* *Mahomet.*

G

Prostrate

Prostrate he worshipp'd at *Furina's* Throne,
 And thus address'd her in an humble Tone:
 "Goddeſs, from *thee* my holy Flame I caught;
 By *thee* thy Prophet and his Dove* were taught:
 Sacred to *thee*, my glutt'd Sword can tell
 How faithleſs Millions immolated fell.
 Rival of true Religion, *thine* hath thriv'd,
 And thro' a boundleſs Empire ſtill surviv'd,
 Supported by *my* Arts—Thy *Koran's* Laws
 I form'd, unwearied in thy righteous Cauſe.
 In ſervile Imitation of *my* Plan,
 Priests now in Tabernacles fiſh for Man.
 There, to thy Honour, Goddeſs, thou canſt ſee
 M—n, R—ne, and W—y, mimic me.

* This Dove, or Pigeon, was the uſeful Agent of a cunning Maſter. Mabomet had taught it to pick Seeds out of his Ear. No wonder that this Bird, as if inſpired, reſorted ſo often to *whiſper* ſome divine Meſſage in its Maſter's Ear. This Call, which the Bird had, was natural enough. The Appearance was ſupernatural and myſterious. Thus knaviſh Policy dupes Ignorance. This was one of the pious Frauds played off in the Mahometan Foundery. Some modern Impoſtors are not behind-hand with the Father of the *Koran*.

Terror, and Int'rest, temper'd with false Pride,
Will ever lead the *Multitude* aside;
Make 'em, with *Ease, feign'd Inspiration's Tools,*
And place 'em in *my Paradise of Fools.*
Let *modern Saints my Light* with Envy see,
And thrive by ev'ry *Fraud* they learn from *me.*
Henceforth, like *Mosques,* let *Tabernacles* rise,
Firm on the Basis of *Deceit* and *Lies.*
Aid *W—y's Arts,* as once you prosper'd *mine,*
And make *his Phrenzies* pass for *Calls divine.*
To all *his pious Frauds* thy Blessing give,
And in *such Priests* let all *my Spirit** live!

The *Goddeſs* heard her beſt-lov'd *Servant's Pray'r,*
And bid no *Knave* from this Time forth deſpair;

* The *Spirit* of *Tyranny, Luſt, Avarice, Perſecution, and Impoſture.* I appeal for the Truth of this Suggestion to the modern *Calm Addreſſes,* from *Printing-Preſſes, Roſtrums, and Joint-Stools,* in open Fields; and alſo to the ſly, inſinuating Arts and Practices of all *inſpired fanatic Preachers* ſince the Days of *Mahomet.* But—*Sic itur ad Aſtra.*

For, whilst to *Reason Mobs* continu'd blind,
Found'ries (she said) *new Profelytes* shou'd find;
 Where for themselves *mask'd Hypocrites* shou'd carve,
 Whilst *Piety* bid *pilfer'd Converts* starve.
 Her *Grant* with a confirming Vow she seal'd,
 And to her *Chosen* thus her Mind reveal'd:
 "For *true Ambition* I reserve *one Post*,
 In which the greatest *Knave* shall flourish most.
 To *him* alone shall this Department fall
 Who from his *Feelings** *thinks he has a Call*.
 Ev'n *We Ourselves* will crown his pious Care,
 And of our well-fix'd Throne adopt him *Heir*.
Fraud shall afford him a continual Feast,
 Whilst *Virtue* starves; and he shall be *our Priest*."

* This is the *Cant-Phrase* of *some Fanatics* who *act* and *preach* from *Calls* and *Feelings*.

The Goddess spoke:—when, bustling thro' the Crowd,
 A short, squat, toothless *Musti**, mean, and proud,
 Stepp'd forth a *Candidate*; of such a *Form*,
 As soon convinc'd me *Man* was but a *Worm*.
 Before the *Throne* his flinty† Face he bow'd,
 And at its Foot a *Slave's* *Obedience* vow'd.

“Goddess, in me (tho' old) receive,” he said,
 “The truest *Servant* *Int'rest* ever made.
 Long have I toil'd, new *Systems* long have plann'd,
 And liv'd by *Doctrines* none can understand.
 I felt‡ a *Call* from thee; and, thus deceiv'd,
 Rabble have fill'd my *Coffers*, and believ'd.

* The Author calls that fanatic Priest a *Musti*, who, with the calmest Pretences and Address, seems, of all others, to have the truest Spirit of Persecution, and the greatest Thirst for human Blood.

† Some modern Fanatics pray for such a Face,—“a Face of Flint.” V. Poor Man's Spiritual Instructor, p. 54.

‡ N. B. This old, superannuated *Musti* has carried the *Doctrine of Feelings* to a great Height.—His Mother (like a sensible Woman) often chid him for it. At, *Puer improbus ille*. He turned out a very naughty Boy, and would not mind the good old Lady.

H

But

But now *Ambition* fights for something more;
Pride succeeds *Lust* now verging on *four score*.
 This last, I fear, will now few *Converts* make;
 Lost to her *Calls*, *Ambition's* Path I'll take.
 A *Mitre*, I confess, I long have fought,
 Which, for a *Trifle**, I would fain have bought:
 An *Honour* merely nominal, 'tis true;
 What then?—I had the *Dignity* in View.
 A barren *Mitre* will keep *Fools* in Awe;
 A *Mitre*, like the *Madman's*, made of *Straw*†."

"Enough!" the *Goddeſs* cried—and strait I heard
 A *Voice* thus whisp'ring, tho' no *Form* appear'd:
 "Mark that *Priest* well—the *Scorn* of all Mankind,
 To *Honour* callous, to *Religion* blind:

* For 40 *Guineas*. Old *Erasmus*, a *Bishop* (whether real, or pretended, I know not) of *Acadia*, would be able, if living, to tell this Story best; but I know that Mr. R—H-II (a Bird of the same *Feather*, tho' not of the same *Note*, with our little *Musti*) tells it very well.

† Alluding to a poor, old mad Soul in *Moorfields*, who fancies himself a *Bishop*—i. e. a *Bishop in Potentiâ*, not in *Actu*.—*Mentis gratissimus Error*.

With Views attach'd to *gainful Ends* alone;
 In *England's* Hive a buzzing, worthless, *Drone*:
 Gleaning, where *Indigence* and *Labour* dwell,
 One Drop of *Honey* from the poorest *Cell*.
 He on *Ignatius** piously improves;
 His *Arts*† he follows, and his *Rules*‡ he loves:
 Born with a *Genius* fit for *Priestcraft's* Plan,
 And less *Compassion* than a *Banian*§:
 With the wild *Brachman's*|| *Superstition* curst;
 Of all *Impostors* since the Flood the worst:
 For, which errs most?—Th' *untutor'd Child of Night*¶,
 Or *He* who trafficks with the *Gospel's Light***?

* *Ignatius Loyola*, Founder of the Order of *Jesuits*.

† *Confession*, *Absolution*, *scrutinizing Searches* into the State of Men's and Women's Souls, &c. &c.

‡ Most *diabolical private Rules*, entitled *Monita secreta*.

§ The *Banians* have the tenderest Feelings for *Brutes*, but none for *Fellow-Creatures*.

|| *Indian Priests*, amazingly *knaveish* and *superstitious*.

¶ *Mahomet*, never enlightened by the *Gospel*.

** As preaching *Tinkers*, *Tailors*, and their ordaining *Masters* do.—Now, *Ex quoque Ligno fit Mercurius*. N. B. He was the God of *Eloquence*, *Trade*, and *Thieves*.

Just *such a Priest* once instigated *Saul**,
 On those *he fear'd* with ruthless *Sword* to fall;
 With *Vengeance* in his *Hand* at *Crimes* to scoff,
 And, *Tyrant-like*, cut *brave Resistance* off.
 A *Priest*, like *Samuel*, to *Blood* inclin'd;
Saul's Heart with *Doeg's*† mercilessly join'd.
 Like *One*, with *Zeal* a *Carnage* he can press,
 Like *t'other*, *massacre* with *Calm Address*.
 A *Borgia*‡, when his *Hopes*, or *Lusts*, are stirr'd;
 And, when oppos'd, an *Innocent the Third*§;
 Keeping *that Saint's Example* still in *View*,
 Who was a *Founder*, and *Impostor* too;
 Who, like *himself*, for *Gain* show'd *Heav'n's* strait way,
 But sent those *Lambs* to *Hell* who cou'd not *pay*.

* V. I Sam. c. xv.

† V. I Sam. c. xxii. v. 18.

‡ *Cæsar Borgia*, Son of *Pope Alexander* the VIth. He had his *Cells* too.

§ *Pope Innocent* the IIIrd.—the amiable, calm, and pious *Founder* of that ancient *Foundery*, the holy *Inquisition*, the *Doctrines* of which have afforded many useful *Hints* to some modern *Founders*—V. *Poor Man's Spiritual Instructor*, p. 97. where the Reader will find all the true *inflammatory Spirit* of the *Popish Inquisition* among our *Saints*.

" And is *Religion*, then, become a *Trade*,
 A *stalking Horse** for *holy Poachers*† made?
 Is it (said I) a Thing of *Form* and *Show*,
 A *Flame* which ev'ry *Knave's* false *Breath* can blow?
 Is this the *Inspiration* which hath past
 On *Dupes* for Years, in *Found'ries* now new cast?
 Thus fool'd, hath *Ign'rance* been content to bleed‡
 For *Mecca's Alcoran*, and *W—y's Creed*?
 Is this the Road that *venal Priests* have trod,
 Bart'ring for *Trash* their *Conscience* and their *God*?
 Lives there a *Wretch*, so wantonly *profane*,
 Who dares to prostitute *his God* for *Gain*?

* An artificial Horse used as a Screen for unfair Fowlers.

† i. e. Inspired tinkering, tayloring, and cobbling Preachers, and their fanatical Superiors, who pretend to ordain them, and send them out as Journeymen.

‡ Both in Pocket and in Person—Mahomet sacrificed his Dupes by his own Hands and those of his Army—Some modern fanatic Planters of New Light leave their regenerated Patients to Poverty, Insanity, and Suicide; the blessed Effects of their inspired Doctrines.

34 THE TEMPLE OF IMPOSTURE.

Alas! there lives not *One* alone, but *more*;
Priests, who *blaspheme* their *Maker** at *four*score;
Priests, who pretend *their Shops* alone can *save*,
 Yet damn *themselves* “with *one* † *Foot* in the *Grave*.”
 Who, not content *thus* to be *cloath’d*, and *fed*,
 Throw *to* their very *Dogs* ‡ the *Children’s Bread*.
 Henceforth let *Pagans* of *their Virtue* brag,
 Nor deem *Morality* a *filthy Rag* §;

* Read *some fanatical blasphemous Hymns* in Honour of the *Deity*—read *some Addresses*, and mark *some Doctrines* making *Kings of the Earth* co-equal with the *King of Kings*—then let *some modern Muftis* cry out (if not lost to *Truth* and *Shame*)

———“*Pudet hæc Opprobria nobis
 Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.*”

† A *Pbrase* in a *Calm Treat.*

‡ *Mechanic Missionaries*, who *infest* many *Parts* of the *Country*, *without* being *legally qualified* to *vend* their *doctrinal Wares*; and, *as such*, are not only *expressly prohibited* by *Statute*, but seem clearly (in *Point* of *strict Law*) to come within the *Vagrant Act*. Yet *these bawling, crafty, illiterate Wretches* are sent out by their *priestly Masters* to sow the *Seeds* of *false Doctrine* and *Fanaticism*, which spring up, throughout the *Country*, in plentiful *Crops* of *Idleness*, *Beggary*, *Madness*, and sometimes *Suicide*, arising from a *Despair* of that *Heaven* which these *spiritual Dealers* make a *Trade* of, and *insure*, or not, according to the *Premium*.

§ This is the known and constant *Doctrine* of *some Fanatics*.

Let

Let *Infidels* rejoice at *Peace within*,
 Whilst *Heav'n's Elect** make *Merchandize* of *Sin* †;
 Let *F—d'ry Lights* and *Founders* be *despis'd*,
 And *honest Mahomet* ‡ be *canoniz'd*."

* *Some Fanatics* presume to call *themselves* so.

† *Holy Impostors* gain by the *Sins* of Mankind, and therefore never preach up *Repentance*. All the pretty *Perquisites* arising from *Confession*, *Absolution*, *Enquiries into the State of Souls* (and by these Means getting into the *Secrets* of *Souls* and *Families*) would then be *lost*—*Repentance*, instead of *Faith*, would prove a most *destructive Doctrine* to them.

‡ Meaning that an *unenlightened Infidel* is preferable to an *enlightened* and *all-believing Knave*. I call those *all-believing*, who *piously* adopt the *unwarranted Doctrines* of *designing System-mongers*, teaching for *scriptural Truths* what *Christ himself* reprobates as the *Commandments of Men*.---But these *spiritual Jugglers* (if we may judge by *their Works*) do not *themselves* believe those *fallacious Doctrines* which they *basely propagate*.---"They know well enough (as *Shakespear* makes his *Richard* say) they are *Rags*, and *gather in the Face of 'em*." *Jeroboam's Rago'muffin-Priests* (*Jacks-of-all-Trades*) did so before them.

F I N I S.

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